



EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1882.

NUMBER 229

BELOW COST!

We will offer for the next THIRTY DAYS, our entire stock of



HATS CAPS CLOTHING,

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c.,

Below Cost, to close out and make room for Our FALL and WINTER GOODS. Call early and secure your **BARGAINS** and be convinced that you can buy more goods for a little money at the **Kentucky Clothing House** than at any other houses in the State.

Second Street, Maysville, Ky.

VICROY & LEE, Proprietor

NOTICE.

ON account of my continued ill health, I have concluded, as soon as practicable, to retire from the dry goods trade, I now offer my entire stock for sale to any merchant wishing to engage in the business, and will from the 1st day of July sell my goods FOR CASH, until disposed of, which will enable me to offer to the retail trade some special bargains. All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle at once, as I am anxious to square my books. Respectfully,
ap11dy H. G. SMOOT.

J. C. PECOR & CO.,
—AGENTS FOR—

BUIST'S GardenSeed

A fresh supply just received.
NO OLD SEED.
All this year's purchase. Call and get a catalogue.

WALL PAPER

—AND—
WINDOW SHADES
Every style and pattern, as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and examine our stock.
ap21ly J. C. PECOR & CO.

P. S. MYERS,
—Dealer in—

Groceries, Hats and Caps

Boots and Shoes, Queensware and Hardware. Highest cash price paid for Grain and Country Produce.
jy15d MT. OLIVET.

PAUL B. ANDERSON,
DENTIST.

No. 21 Market St., nearly opp. Central Hotel,
Office Open at all Hours. MAYSVILLE, KY.
m y13ly d.

T. J. CURLEY,
Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter

dealer in Bath-Tubs, Hydrant Pumps, Iron and Lead Pipes, Globe, Angle and Check Valves, Rubber Hose and Sewer Pipe. All work warranted and done when promised. Second street, opposite White & Ort's.
ap3

J. R. SOUSLEY,
Architect, Contractor and Builder.

ESTIMATES furnished and all work warranted. Shop on Fourth Street between Market and Limestone.
mar4-6mdaw

THE LATEST SENSATION.

4000 Yards Lawn, choice styles and fast colors at 5 cents per yard. 500 yards India Linen at 10 cents per yard. 240 pairs regular made men's half hose at 10 cents per pair. Other goods proportionately low.
BURGESS & NOLIN.
July 6, 1882.

JOHN WHEELER

Headquarters for all kinds of Confectionery Fruits, Canned Goods, etc.

Fresh Stock and Low Prices.
Come and see me if you want to save money.

SELECT SCHOOL

MRS. JENNIE DACRES, assisted by her daughter, Miss Maude Dacres, will open a select school at the rooms on Sutton street below Second, the first week in September.
j12md

F. L. TRAYSER, PIANO MANUFACTURER

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House
Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices; Tuning and Repairing.
m17

TEAS!! TEAS!!

I HAVE a full supply of the best GUNPOWDER TEA in the market. Give me a trial my9lyd
GEO. H. HEISER.

REOPENED.

MRS. M. W. COULTER has reopened the HILL HOUSE and is prepared to furnish board by the day or week. Meals furnished to transient customers at any hour during the day.
my15dm

Established 1865.

EQUITY GROCERY. G. W. GEISEL,

No. 9, W. Second St., Opp. Opera House, MAYSVILLE, KY.
Fruits and Vegetables in season. Your patronage respectfully solicited.
j14dy

CONTINENTAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

—OF—
NEW YORK.
CAPITAL, \$4,500,000.

GEO. W. ROGERS, agent, office at Wheatly & Co.'s, Market St., below Second. (j18dm)

WILLIAM CAUDLE,

Manufacturer and Inventor of

TRUSSES.

Made Double or Single for men or boys. Address
WILLIAM CAUDLE,
care T. K. Ball & Son,
Maysville, Ky.
ap14dawly

A WONDERFUL METAMORPHIS.

Vouched for by "Eight Reliable Citizens" of Erie, Pennsylvania. How "Rosa Fear" Became "Charles Fear."

The Buffalo Courier publishes the following remarkable story sent by a correspondent at Erie, Pa.:

The following remarkable story is vouched for by eight reliable citizens of this city: William P. Baxter is a farmer, and has for many years owned a large farm situated between North East, Pa., and Ripley, N. Y. He is frequently in this city, where he is well known. Near to the Baxter farm there lives a family by the name of Fear, highly respected by their neighbors. About twenty-five years ago there was born in this family a girl, a sweet little cherub that became the pet of the neighborhood. They named her Rosa, and she grew up a lovely child, and in due time was sent to school. Here she distinguished herself by most extraordinary precocity. Her aptitude exceeded that of scholars ten years older than herself, and in less than two years she had passed every other pupil and stood at the head of her classes, the holder of all the honors competed for. At the age of fourteen she entered the service of Mrs. Baxter, the first wife of the farmer referred to. Rosa proved to be as good a girl for farm-house duties as she had been a student, and the Baxter family liked her so well that she was treated in every respect as though she was one of the family. She continued to live there, and when she had attained the age of eighteen her hand was sought in marriage by a young farmer from a neighboring village. For some reason, unaccountable at that time to her friends, Miss Fear declined the honorable offer, alleging that she had no desire to quit the roof of her kind friends. About this time it began to be noticed that Rosa's features were losing their feminine softness, and that the elegant contour of her hitherto symmetrical form was vanishing; and giving place to masculine angularity. Her hands that were once so well shaped began to grow large and coarse, and a down appeared on her upper lip. The presence of the latter greatly distressed her, and as it continued to grow in spite of all her efforts to prevent it, she became so ashamed that she refused to accompany the Baxters to the family pew in the village church, or to mingle in any of the socials or parties in which she had once been a courted belle. The family while deeply regretting the loss of Rosa's personal attractions, tried to laugh her out of her sensitiveness. But the girl appeared to be consumed with a secret. About six months after this, Rosa did not appear as usual one morning. No answer came from her room, and when it was broken open it was found to have been unoccupied that night. All Rosa's clothes were hanging up, even to those she was accustomed to wear about the house. Mr. Baxter sent his son Charles to look in the barn, dreading to enter it himself, for a dreadful suspicion of suicide was uppermost in his thought. But Rosa was not in the barn, neither was she in any part of the farm. At last the searchers found two letters in her trunk, one addressed to Mrs. Baxter, the other to her parents. The contents of Mrs. Baxter's letter created the utmost consternation. It said that the writer had gone away; that it would be useless to follow her; that her life had become unbearable because within a year nature had worked a complete metamorphosis, unsexing her and making it necessary to change her home and name. The astonished Baxters discovered that she had left all her female clothing down to the minutest article, and that she had attired herself in a suit of clothes belonging to Dr. A. A. Freeman, now an alderman from the First Ward in this city. Dr. Freeman was a yearly visitor at the Baxter farm, and he frequently spends a day there still. He was well acquainted with Miss Fear when she was little Rosa, and he often saw her when she lived with the Baxters. He had been visiting there a week before the girl disappeared, and had left a suit of clothes behind him by mistake.

Two months passed and a letter came in Rosa's fine hand-writing. It informed the family that the writer was well and was working as a farm hand in Ohio, but that the stamp of the letter would give no clue to her address.

Two years elapsed, and one morning a fine-looking young man with sun-burned face, magnificent beard and heavy, dark mustache, stood at the gate of the Fear homestead.

"Do you know me, Mary?" he said to the young lady who came out to ascertain his business.

The tones were deep and manly and there was a familiar ring in the stranger's voice. "It is Rosa," said the girl, and the next moment the spectators were regaled with a sight of Miss Mary Fear clasped in the arms of a young fellow, giving back as many kisses on his mustache as he showered upon her uplifted face.

"Not Rosa, but Charles Fear now," said the whilom housemaid, and then he told them how, after that wonderful change, he had hired as male help; that he had made a little money and had come home to work the farm.

Mr. Charles Fear runs that farm today, and Ripley has no citizen held in higher estimation than he. Since his return he has twice been appointed a teacher in the public schools, and he can be seen on the Fear farm every day of the week.

Such is the remarkable story told to the Courier correspondent. The references given were hunted up, and although there was a reluctance to speak about it, all confirmed the story.

Dr. Freeman was called upon regarding the suit of clothes, and he confirmed the account, stating also that he was acquainted with all the circumstances related. He further stated that in his opinion nature was undecided as to Fear's sex, and at the age mentioned masculinity developed.

Petty Worries.

What a blessed thing it is that we can forget. To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer: "If you would keep a book and daily put down the things that worry you and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you."

You allow a thing to annoy you just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper, (or rather get it,) for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it, and justify themselves for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast and put it down in a little book, and follow it up and ascertain what becomes of it you would see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the original progress and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be wore out in petty worries, frettings, hatred and vexation.

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
—Shakespeare.